THE HILLMAN

An Unusual Love Story

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

GRAILLOT, THE PLAYWRIGHT, WARNS LOUISE THAT BOTH THE PRINCE OF SEYRE AND JOHN LOVE HER. AND THAT THE PRINCE WILL BE A DANGEROUS ENEMY TO HIS RIVAL

-Louise Maurel, famous actress, was making a motor tour of the English Cumberland district, when her car broke down late one evening and she was forced to accept the overnight hospitality of Steen and John Strangewey, recluse woman haters living in a splendid old mansion on a great farm. Before she left next day she had captirated John and he had fascinated her. Three months later John, on a siden impulse, went to London and looked up Louise. She was delighted to see him and introduced him to her friends of the artistic and dramatic world, among them Sophy, a light-hearted little actress, and Graillot, a playwright of remarkable mental gifts. The prince of Seyre, a wealthy French noble, whom he already knew, became his guide, and he entered the gay bohemian life of the city.

hair of the women, several more of

whom were now dancing, hung about

the place. A girl in fancy dress was

passing a great basket of flowers from

Sophy sat with her head resting upon

"Isn't this rather nice?" she whis

"No. it's a club. We can sit here all

She laughed as she sent for a form

"Tell me," he begged, as he looked

"Mostly actresses," she replied, "and

any good. I can dance pretty well, but

to be any chance of my getting out of

"But these girls who are here to

"I should like to see you dance," he

"I'll dance to you some day in your

rooms, if you like," she promised, "Or

to. Would you rather I didn't? I want

the corner where John was sitting.

His eyes grew brighter and he

smiled back at her. She suddenly re-

leased her hold upon her partner and

stretched out her arms to him. Her

"If We Were Alone," She Whispered,

"I Should Want You to Kiss Me!"

waved her hands with a gesture in-

finitely graceful, subtly alluring. Her

triumph as she once more rested her

"Who is your escort this evening?"

"You would not know him," she re-

"Just happens that I do know him.

the young man remarked. "Thought

I'd seen his face somewhere. Used to

be up at the varsity with him. I'll

body swayed backward a little.

she looked at him and smiled.

"I should like to watch you

"Of course I do," he answered he

She shook her head.

"Did you like it?"

tess one has a part."

conversation.

"Can I totn?" he asked.

"Do you like being here with

table to table.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued.

The lights were lowered a few minetes later, and John paid the bill. "We've enjoyed our supper," Louise

whispered, as they passed down the "The whole evening has been her hands and her face very close to delichtful!" her companion's, keeping time with her As they drove from Luigi's to feet to the music.

Knightsbridge, Louise leaned back in her corner. Although her eyes were pered. only half closed, there was an air of me, Mr. John Strangewey?" aloofness about her, an obvious lack of desire for conversation, which the other liy. "Is this a restaurant?" ers found themselves instinctively reepecting. Even Sophy's light-hearted chatter seemed to have deserted her, night, if you like." somewhat to John's relief.

They were in the very vortex of London's midnight traffic. The night and made him fill it in. was warm for the time of year, and about Leicester square and beyond the around him, "who are these girls? They pavements were crowded with pedes- look so pretty and well-dressed, and trians, the women lightly and gayly yet so amazingly young to be out at clad, filtting, notwithstanding some sin- this time of night." tster note about their movements, like butterflies or bright-hued moths along musical-comedy girls. I was in musithe pavements and across the streets, cal comedy myself before Louise res-The procession of taxicabs and auto- cued me." mobiles, each with its human freight of men and women in evening dress on their way home after an evening's pleasure, seemed endless.

Presently Sophy began to talk, and I have no voice, so there didn't seem Louise, too roused herself.

"I am only just beginning to realize," the latter said, "that you are actually to live on the salary they pay you, un-In London."

"When I leave you," he replied, "I. too, shall find it hard to believe that night?" we have actually met again and talked. There seems to be so much that I have to say," he added, looking at her closely, "and I have said nothing."

been here, too-with a friend." There is plenty of time," she told thim, and once more the signs of that remarked, in a hurry to change the slight nervousness were apparent in her manner. "There are weeks and months ahead of us."

"When shall I see you again?" he

"Whenever you like. There are no re-Thearsals for a day or two. Ring me up to do just which would please you I have kept away from this sort of on the telephone-you will find my most." number in the book-or come and lunch with me tomorrow, if you like

"Thank you," he answered; "that is She nodded, and a minute or two I have just what I should like. At what time?" later she had joined the small crowd in does?" "Half past one, I will not ask either the center of the room, clasped in the of you to come in now. You can come arms of a very immaculate young man down tomorrow morning and get the who had risen and bowed to her from a books, Sophy, I think I am tired- table opposite, John leaned back in dred," she added, with a curious little his place and watched her admiringly. note of self-pity in her tone. "I am Her feet scarcely touched the ground. very glad to have seen you again, Mr. She never once glanced at or spoke to Strangewey," she said, lifting her eyes her partner, but every time she passed to his. "Good night!"

He helped her out, rang the bell, and watched her vanish through the swiftly opened door. Then he stepped back into the taxicab. Sophy retreated into the corner to make room for him,

"You are going to take me home, are you not?" she asked.

"Of course," he replied, his eyes still fixed with a shade of regret upon the closed door of Louise's little house. "No. 10 Southampton street," he told the driver.

They turned round and spun once more into the network of moving vehicles and streaming pedestrians, John was stient, and his companion, for a little while, humored him. Soon, however, she touched him on the arm. A queer gravity had come into her dainty tittle face.

"Are you really in love with Loudse?" she inquired, with something of his own directness.

He answered her with perfect seri-

"I believe so," he admitted, "but I should not like to say that I am abso-Intely certain. I have come here to

find out." Sophy suddenly rocked with laugh-

You are the dearest, queerest madman I have ever met!" she exclaimed, holding tightly to his arm. "You sit there with a face as long as a fiddle. rondering whether you are in love with a girl or not! Well, I am not going to ask you anything more. Tell me, -are you tired?"

"Not a bit," he declared. "I never and such a ripping evening in my life." lips were parted with a smile almost of She held his arm a little tighter. She as the old Sophy again, full of life hand upon her partner's shoulder.

and gayety.
"Let's go to the Aldwych," she sugthe latter asked her, speaking almost sted, "and see the dancing. We can for the first time. Sust have something to drink. We plied. "He is a Mr. John Strangewey.

n't have any more supper." The cab stopped a few minutes later and he comes from Cumberland." taide what seemed to be a private The door was opened at once. they were unhered by the manager, to had come forward to greet them. room, brilliantly lit, and tin the center, with supJohn looked around him
The popping of chamwas almost incessant. A turned together to where John was

"Lord Amerton, of course!" John exclaimed. "I thought your face was familiar. Why, we played in the rackets ubles together!"

"And won 'em, thanks to you," Amerton replied. "Are you up for long?"
"I am not quite sure," John told him. "I only arrived last night."

"Look me up some time, if you've nothing better to do," the young man "Where are you hanging suggested.

"The Milan." "I am at the Albany. So-long! Must

get back to my little lady." He bowed to Sophy and departed. She sank a little breathlessly into her chair and laid her hand on John's arm Her cheeks were flushed, her bosom was rising and falling quickly.

"I am out of breath," she said, her head thrown back, perilously near to John's shoulder. "Lord Amerton dances well. Give me some champagne!" "And you-you dance divinely," he

told her, as he filled her glass. "If we were alone," she whispered,

I should want you to kiss me!" The stem of the wine glass in John's fingers snapped suddenly, and the wine trickled down to the floor. A passing waiter hurried up with a napkin, and a fresh glass was brought. The affair was scarcely noticed, but John remained disturbed and a little pale. "Have you cut your hand?" Sophy

isked anxiously. "Not at all," he assured her. "How

hot it is here! Do you mind if we go?" "Go?" she exclaimed disconsolately. "I thought you were enjoying yourself so much!" "So I am," he answered, "but I don't

oulte understand-" He paused.

"Understand what?" she demanded. "Myself, if you must know." She set down the glass which she

had been in the act of raising to her "How queer you are!" she mur-

mured. "Listen. You haven't got a "I liked it all right," she admitted, wife or anything up in Cumberland, "but I left it because I wasn't doing have you?" "You know I haven't," he answered.

"You're not engaged to be married, you have no ties, you came up here perthe chorus; and one can't even pretend | feetly free, you haven't even said anything yet-to Louise?"

"Of course not."
"Well, then—" she began.

Her words were so softly spoken "They are with their friends, of that they seemed to melt away. She ourse," she told him. "I suppose, if leaned forward to look in his face. it hadn't been for Louise. I should have

"Sophy," he begged, with sudden and almost passionate carnestness, "be kind to me, please! I am just a simple, stupid countryman, who feels as if he had lost his way. I have lived a solitary sort of life-an unnatural one, you would say-and I've been brought would you like me to dance here? up with some old-fashioned ideas. I There is a man opposite who wants me know they are old-fashioned, but I can't throw them overboard all at once, thing. I didn't think it would ever at-"Dance, by all means," he insisted. tract me-I suppose because I didn't She nodded, and a minute or two I have suddenly found out-that it

> "What are you going to do?" she whispered.

"There is only one thing for me to do," he answered, "Until I know what I have come to London to learn, I shall fight against it."

"You mean about Louise?" "I mean about Louise," he said

gravely. Sophy came still closer to him "Why are you so foolish?" she murmured, "Louise is very wonderful, in her place, but she is not what you want in life. Has it never occurred to you that you may be too late?"

"What do you mean?" he demanded "I believe what the world believes, what some day I think she will admit to herself-that she cares for the prince of Seyre."

"Has she ever told you so?" "Louise never speaks of these things to any living soul. I am only telling you what I think. I am trying to save you pain-trying for my own sake as well as yours."

He paid his bill and stooped to help her with her cloak. Her heart sank, her lips quivered a little. It seemed to her that he had passed to a great distance.

"Very soon," John said, "I shall ask Louise to tell me the truth. I think that I shall ask her, if I can, tomorrow!"

CHAPTER IX.

John's first caller at the Milan was, in a way, a surprise to him. He was sitting smoking an after-breakfast pipe on the following morning, and gazing at the telephone directory, when his bell rang. He opened the door, to find the prince of Seyre standing out-

"I pay you a very early visit, I fear," the latter began.

"Not at all," John replied, taking the pipe from his mouth and throwing open the door. "It is very good of you

to come and see me."

The prince followed John-into the little sitting room. He was dressed, as usual, with scrupulous care. His tie was fastened with a wonderful pearl. and his fingers were perhaps a trifle overmanicured. He wore a bunch of Parma violets in his buttonhole, and he carried with him a very faint but unusual perfume, which seemed to John like the odor of delicate green tea. It was just these details, and the slowness of his speech, which alone ac-

"It occurred to me," he said, as he The dance was finished. They re-turned together to where John was sitting, and the young man held out a experiment in town life of which Miss faurel spoke, I might be of some as-detance to you. There are certain

"You're Strangewey, aren't | matters, quite unimportant in themvice in the beginning may save you of only one person, and that person is

"Very good of you, I am sure," John "To tell you the truth, I chair. It might have been his fancy, was just looking through the telephone but he imagined that she glanced undirectory to see if I could come across | der her eyelids toward the prince of

"If it pleases you to place yourself in my hands," the prince suggested, "I will introduce you to my own tradespeople. I have made the selection with ne care. I have, fortunately, an idle morning, and it is entirely at your disposal. At half past one I believe we are both lunching with Miss Mau-

John was conscious of a momentary sense of annoyance. His tete-a-tete with Louise seemed farther off than ever. At the prince's suggestion, however, he fetched his hat and gloves and entered the former's automobile, which was waiting below.

They spent the morning in the neighborhood of Bond street, and John had the foundations of a wardrobe more extensive than any he had ever dreamed of possessing. At half past one they were shown into Louise's little drawing room. There were three or four men already present, standing around their hostess and sipping some faint yellow cordial from long Venetian glasses.

Louise came forward to meet them, and made a little grimace as she remarked the change in John's appear-

"Honestly, I don't know you, and I don't believe I like you at all!" she exclaimed. "How dare you transform yourself into a tailor's dummy in this

"It was done entirely out of respect for you." John said.

"In fact," the prince added, "we considered that we had achieved rather a success."

fushion?"

"I suppose I must look upon your effort as a compliment," Louise sighed, "but it seems queer to lose even so much of you. Shall you take up our manners and our habits, Mr. Strangewey, as easily as you wear our clothes?"

"That I cannot promise," he replied. "The brain should adapt itself at least as readily as the body," the prince remarked.

M. Graillot, who was one of the three men present, turned around.

"Who is talking platitudes?" he demanded. "I write plays, and that is my monopoly. Ah, it is the prince, I see! And our young friend who interrupted us at rehearsal vesterday." Graillot held out his left hand to the prince and his right to John.

"Mr. Strangewey," he said, "I congratulate you! Any person who has the good fortuge to interest Miss Maurel is to be congratulated. Yet must I look at you and feel myself puzzled. You are not an artist-no? You do not paint or write?"

John shook his head.

"Mr. Strangewey's claim to distinct this crowd." tion is that he is just an ordinary man," Louise observed. "Such a relief, you know, after all you clever people!" John shook hands with everybody and sipped the contents of the glass which had been handed to him. Then a butler opened the door and announced luncheon. Louise offered her hand to the prince, who stepped back. "It shall be the privilege of the stranger within our gates," he decided. Louise turned to John with a little

"Let me show you, then, the way to my dining room. I ought to apole gize for not asking some women to meet you. I tried two on the telephone, but they were engaged."

"I will restore the balance," the prince promised, turning from the contemplation of one of the prints hanging in the hall. "I am giving a supper party tonight for Mr. Strangewey, and I will promise him a preponderance of your charming sex.'

"Am I invited?" Louise inquired. The prince shook his head. "Alas, no!"

They passed into a small dining room and here again John noticed that an absolute simplicity was paramount. The round table, covered with an exquisitely fine cloth, was very simply inid. There was a little glass of the finest quality, and a very little silver. For flowers there was only one bowl, a brilliant patch of some scarlet exotic, in the center.

"A supper party to which I am no invited," sald Louise, as she took her place at the table and motioned John to a seat by her side, "fills me with curiosity. Who are to be your guests, prince?

"Calayers and her sprites," the prince announced.

Louise paused for a moment in the act of helping herself to hors d'ocuvres. She gianced toward the prince. For a moment their eyes met. Louise's lips were faintly curied. It was almost as if a challenge had passed between them. Louise devoted her attention to her guest. "First of all," she asked, "tell me

how you like my little friend? "I think she is charming," John an swered without hesitation. "We went to a supper club last night and stayed

there till about half past three." "Really," said Louise, "I um not sure that I approve of this! A supper club triendly spirit!" with Sophy until half past three in "It is because the morning!"
He looked at her quickly.

"You don't mind?" "My dear man, why should I mind?" she returned. "It is exactly what I hoped for. You have come up to Lon-

don with a purpose. You have an experiment to make, an experiment in

selves, concerning which a liftle ad- ment," he pointed out, "needs the help gratitude. He has, if I judge him She moved a little uneasily in her

the name of a tailor I used to have Seyre. The prince, however, had some things from." from her. He was leaning across the table, talking to Faraday, "You have not lost your gift of plain speech," she observed. "So de-

lightful in Cumberland and Utopia. ing. so impracticable here!" "Then since we can't find Utopia, come back to Cumberland," he sug-

rested. A reminiscent smile played for

moment about her lips. "I wonder," she murmured, "whethe shall ever again see that dear, won derful old house of yours, and the mist on the hills, and the stars shining here and there through it, and the moon coming up in the distance!"

"All these things you will see again," he assured her confidently. "It is be



"I Want to See You Alone," He Said "When Can 1?"

that I am here."

"Just now, at this minute, I feel a longing for them," she whispered, looking across the table, out of the window, to the softly waving trees.

At the close of the luncheon for moment she and John were detached from the others.

"I want to see you alone," he said under his breath. "When can I?" She hesitated.

"I am so busy!" she murmured. Next week there are rehearsals nearly every minute of the day." "Tomorrow," John said insistently, under Chinese control, "You have no rehearsals then. I must"

see you. I must talk to you without It was his moment. Her halfformed resolutions fell away before the compelling ring in his voice and

the earnest pleading in his eyes. "I will be in," she promised, "tomor-

row at six o'clock." Louise stood before the window of her drawing room, looking down into the By synchronizing is meant the exact street. She saw the prince courteously motion John to precede him into his jected by one machine, with the speech waiting automobile. She watched until the car took its place in the stream of traffic and disappeared. The sense of uneasiness which had brought her to the window was unaccountable, but it seemed in some way deepened by their departure together. Then a voice from just behind startled her. It was Graillot, who had returned noiselessly

into the room. "I returned," he explained. "An impulse brought me back. A thought came into my mind. I wanted to share It with you as a proof of the sentiment which I feel exists between us. It is my firm belief that the same thought. in a different guise, was traveling through your mind, as you watched the departure of your guests."

She motioned him to a place upon the couch, close to where she had already seated herself.

"Come," she invited, "prove to me that you are a thought reader!" He sank back in his corner. His

hands, with their short, stubby fingers, were clasped in front of him. His eyes, wide open and alert, seemed fixed upon her with the ingenuous inquisitiveness of a child.

"To begin, then, I find our friend, the prince of Seyre, a most interesting. I force on a third attempt to move an night almost say fascinating, study." Louise did not reply. After a moment's pause, he continued.

"Among the whole aristocracy of France there was no family so loathed and detested as the seigneurs of Seyre at the time of the revolution. Those at the chateau in Orienns and others who were agrested in Paris, met their death with singular contempt and calm. Eugene of Seyre, whose character in my small way I have studied, is of the same breed."

Louise took up a fan which lay on the table by her side, and waved it carelessly in front of her face.

"One does so love," she murmured "to hear one's friends discussed in a "It is because Eugene of Seyre is

friend of yours that I am talking to you in this fashion," Graillot contined. "You have also another friendthis young man from Cumberland."

"In him," Graillot went on, "one per ceives all the primitive qualities which go to the making of spiendid manhood. Physically he is almost perfect, for

"The greater part of my experi- which alone we owe him a debt of rightly, all the qualities possessed by men who have been brought up free from the taint of cities, from the smear of our spurious overcivilization. He is chivalrous and unsuspicious. He is also, unfortunately for him, the enemy of the prince."

Louise laid down her fan. She no onger tried to conceal her agitation. "Why are you so melodramatic?" she demanded. "They have scarcely spoken. This is, I think, heir third meet-

"When two friends," Graillot Co clared, "desire the same woman, then all of friendship that there may have been between them is buried. When two others, who are so far from being friends that they possess opposite qualities, opposite characters, opposite characteristics, also desire the same

"Don't!" Louise interrupted, with a sudden little scream. "Don't! You are talking wildly. You must not say such things!"

Graillot leaned forward. He shook

his head very slowly; his heavy hand

rested upon her shoulder. Do you think that Louise has been too close a friend to the prince? And is John Strange-

wey, with his old-fashloned ideas of rectitude, a fool to be letting himself fall head over heels in love with her?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CIGAR AS OPIUM SUBSTITUTE

Aiding in Redemption of China, Where Natives Are Now Frequently Seen Smoking Their Cheroots.

The cigar is doing a large part in the redemption of China. It is no uncommon thing to see a pative smoking his cheroot, which promises to enjoy the favor once bestowed on oplum.

The import of cigars into various Chinese ports has been greatly on the increase in the last few years, and now amounts to about \$350,000 annually. Of this trade four-fifths normally is through Hongkong. There has been cause I want you to see them again a marked increase in the quantity of Dutch-made cigars used in South China and other portions of the Far East during the last year or more, where, for various reasons, Philippine cigars have been losing in favor.

Previous to the outbreak of the war in Europe considerable quantities of cheap cigars were sold in China and the Far East through German firms in Hongkong, and a German clgar factory was operated in Hongkong for the manufacture of cheap cigars for the Chinese trade and also for export to Europe. This factory is still operated

New Talking "Movies."

Application has been made for a patent on a very elaborate device which would produce a combination of the cinematograph and the phonograph to give us moving pictures wherein the characters not only move but speak. The idea of such pictures is not new, After the departure of her guests, but the difficulties of synchronizing have hitherto proved insurmountable. coincidence of the motion picture, prosupposed to proceed from the characters, which is produced by quite another. Unless the speech comes at the right instant, the result is laughable rather than impressive. In the proposed device the actual speech of the character is transmitted by wireless telephone to a phonograph whose complex receiving mechanism is synchronized with the movements of the moving picture camera.

> Knows When to Quit. Handled intelligently, a mule is most willing worker; but there are a few unwritten laws that cannot be transgressed with impunity. A mule will seldom make more than two attempts to move a load. On the first strain he will throw his whole force into the collar, and a mule can pull 50 per cent more in relation to his weight than a horse. Science is again dumb at the question whence comes that latent force which neither horse nor ass possesses. After a short rest the mule will make a second attempt, but this is seldom as sustained as the first. If the load still refuses to move the team might as well be unhitched. At times the mules will not even exert enough empty wagon.

Smoke Cigare by Efectricity. In tobacco factories and also in many show-window displays it is found de-

sirable to have an electromechanical device which will smoke cigars in a similar fashion to that followed by mankind in general, says the Electrical Experimenter. A flexible cord plugged into the nearest electric-light socket supplies the mininture motor with power to drive a multiple-vane blower. his blower creates a back draft, and thus the perfectos of doubtful vintage may be smoked rapidly and naturally, The resulting length and character of the ash are noted by tobacco experts.

Rough Stough.

To indicate some of the difficulties that our language presents to foreigners, a subscriber sends us this: "I sat on the bough of a tree and began to cough, having some dough in my mouth and my feet in a trough. I was not thoroughly tired, though roughly used. Wasn't that tough?—Xouth's

Suffered For Years Bock and Kidneys Were in Bad Shape, But Doan's Removed all the Trouble.

"My kidney were so weak that the least cold I caught would affect them and start my back aching until I could hardly endure the misery," says Mrs. D. C. Ross, 973 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "In the morning when I first got up, my back was so lame, I could hardly bend over and any move sent darts of pain through my kidneys. It was hard for me to walk up stairs or

"The kidney secre MRS. ROSS tions were scanty and distressing and the water remained in my system, making my feet and hands swell. There were dark circles under my eyes and I became so dizzy I could hardly see. I had rheumatic pains in my knees and it was all I could do to get around. For years I was in that shape and I wore plasters and used all kinds of medicine to no avail until I tried Doan's Kidney Pills. They rid me of the trouble and strengthened my back and kidneys. When I have taken Doan's since, they have always benefited me."

Sworn to before me.

Eworn to before me. L. N. VAUGHAN, Notary Public.

DOAN'S FILLS
POSTER-MELBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Ferrets Will Aid Soldiers.

A corps of ferrets has been mobilized from all parts of England and Wales for service at the front. They are to be sent to the trenches to fight the rats which have become exceptionally fierce and bold, and have been known to attack a man for right of way in a narrow passage.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imita-tion has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressingit's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00 .- Adv.

Lesson in English.

Pollu had taught Sammy a few stmple French sentences. "Now," said Sammy, "I will reciprocate by teaching Poilu a few simple United States sentences." So he gave Pollu this one to ponder: "'Blackle,' my side kick, is white clear through, but he's a raw, half-baked piece of cheese."

Children Who Are Sickly When your child cries at night, tosses restlessly in its sleep, is constituted, feverish or has symptoms of worms, you feel worried. Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of

Mother Cray's Sweet Powders for Children for use throughout the sea-son. They tend to Break up Colds, relieve Feverish-ness, Constipation, Teeth-

ness, Constipation, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy Worms. These powders are pleasant to take and easy for parents to give. They cleanse the stomach, act on the Liver and give healthful sleep by regulating the child's any substitute applicable.





W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 44-1917.

Good Buy.

"The country editor gets his pay in eggs, bacon, plum jam, chickens, apples, butter, fresh potatoes and similar

"Yum, yum," chirped the millionaire. "I can't get that stuff in market. Where can I pick up a country paper? Never mind the price."-Louisville Courier-

rivaled by a young New York lad. He stole the harmonicas with which a blind man made his living and then went to Coney Island and stole the uniform of a sailor who was bathing. There was about \$15 in the pockets of the uniform.

THE BEST BEAUTY DOCTOR is Cuticura for Purifying and Beautifying the 8kin-Trial Free.

For cleansing, purifying and beautifying the complexion, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap with touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then afford the most effective preparations at the minimum of cost. No massaging, steaming

creaming, or waste of time. Free sample each by mail with Book. ddress postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L.

Boston, Bold everywhere.-Adv. "Do you wish the kaiser ill?" "Do I wish him ill? I wish he were

Many sentimentalists forget 'tis a soldier's business to make war uncomfortable.

The more man knows that should be orgotten the better his memory.

non Your Eves Need Care Tr Merin Eve R

Journal. Another Meanest Man. The meanest man in the world is